Do You Think You Could Sanely Spend One Million Dollars Inside of a Year?

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.

A New York Monte Cristo.

By Geo. B. McCutcheon.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Montgomery Brewster, a young New York bank clerk, inherits $1,000,000 from his grandfather. This accession to wealth makes him resolve to propose to Miss Barbara Drew, whom he has long admired. He boards with a Mrs. Gray and her daughter Margaret. He and Margaret have been like brother and sister since childhood. As Brewster is about to settle down to the enjoyment of his legacy he is notified that his uncle in Montana has just died, leaving him $7,000,000. But attached to this bequest are the provisos that Brewster cannot receive it for one year, and must, when he receives it, be utterly penniless. In other words, to win the $7,000,000 he must spend the entire $1,000,000 left him by his grandfather within twelve months. Swearengen Jones, of Montana, his uncle's executor, notifies him that this money must be spent rationally. Brewster at once begins his task of squandering a million dollars in a single year. Aided by Mrs. De Mille, a young society matron, he institutes a series of brilliant, expensive dinners, and in other ways spends large sums.

CHAPTER VII.
A Lesson in Tact.

MR. BREWSTER'S butler was surprised and annoyed. For the first time in his official career he had unbent so far as to manifest a personal interest in the welfare of his master. He was on the verge of assuming a responsibility which makes any servant intolerable. But after his interview he resolved that he would never again overstep his position. He made sure that it should be the last offense. The day following the dinner Rawles appeared before young Mr. Brewster and indicated by his manner that the call was an important one. Brewster was seated at his writing table deep in thought. The exclamation that followed Rawles's cough of announcement was so sharp and so unmistakably fierce that all other evidence paled into insignificance. The butler's interruption came at a moment when Monty's mental arithmetic was pulling itself out of a very bad rut, and the cough drove it back into chaos.

"What is it?" he demanded, irritably. Rawles had upset his calculations to the extent of seven or eight hundred dollars.

"I came to report h'an h'unfortunate condition h'among the servants, sir," said Rawles, stiffening as his responsibility became more and more weighty. He had relaxed temporarily upon entering the room.

"What's the trouble?"

"The trouble's h'ended, sir."

"Then why bother me about it?"

"I thought it would be well for you to know, sir. The servants was going to ask for 'igher wages to-day, sir."

"You say they were going to ask? Aren't they?" And Monty's eyes lighted up at the thought of new possibilities.

"I convinced them, sir, as how they were getting good pay as it is, sir, and that they ought to be satisfied. They'd be a long time finding a better place and as good wages. They 'aven't been with you a week, and here they are strikin' for more pay. Really, sir, these American servants"——

"Rawls, that'll do!" exploded Monty. The butler's chin went up and his cheeks grew redder than ever.

"I beg pardon, sir," he gasped, with a respectful but injured air.

"Rawles, you will kindly not interfere in such matters again. It is not only the privilege, but the duty of every American to strike for higher pay whenever he feels like it, and I want it distinctly understood that I am heartily in favor of their attitude. You will kindly go back and tell them that after a reasonable length of service their wages—I mean wages—shall be increased. And don't meddle again, Rawles."

Late that afternoon Brewster dropped in at Mrs. De Mille's to talk over plans for the next dinner. He realized that in no other way could he squander his money with a better chance of getting its worth than by throwing himself bodily into society. It went easily, and there could be only one asset arising from it in the end—his own sense of disgust.

"So glad to see you, Monty," greeted Mrs. Dan, glowingly, coming in with a rush. "Come upstairs and I'll give you some tea and a cigarette. I'm not at home to anybody."

"That's very good of you, Mrs. Dan," said he, as they mounted the stairs. "I don't know what I'd do without your help." He was thinking how pretty she was.

"You'd be richer, at any rate," turning to smile upon him from the upper landing. "I was in tears half the night, Monty, over that glass screen," she said, after finding a comfortable place among the cushions of a divan. Brewster dropped into a roomy, lazy chair in front of her and handed her a cigarette, as she responded carelessly:

"It amounted to nothing. Of course, it was very annoying that it should happen while the guests were still there." Then he added, gravely, "In strict confidence, I had planned to have it fall just as we were pushing back our chairs, but the confounded thing disappointed me. That's the trouble with these automatic climaxes; they usually hang fire. It was to have been a sort of Fall of Babylon effect, you know."

"Splendid! But, like Babylon, it fell at the wrong time."

For a lively quarter of an hour they discussed people about town, liberally approving the slandered and denouncing the slanderers. A still busier quarter of an hour ensued when together they made up the list of dinner guests. He moved a little writing table up to the divan, and she looked on eagerly while he wrote down the names she suggested after many puckerings of her fair, aristocratic brow, and then drew lines through them when she changed her mind. Mrs. Dan De Mille handled her people without gloves in making up Monty's lists. The dinners were not hers, and she could afford to do as she pleased with his; he was broad and tall and she was not slow to see that he was indifferent. He did not care who the guests were, or how they came; he merely wished to make sure of their presence. His only blunder was the rather diffident recommendation that Barbara Drew be asked again. If he observed that Mrs. Dan's head sank a little closer to the paper he attached no importance to the movement; he could not see that her eyes grew narrow, and he paid no attention to the little catch in her breath.

"Wouldn't that be a little—just a little pronounced?" she asked, lightly enough.

"You mean—that people might talk?"

"She might feel conspicuously present."

"Do you think so? We are such good friends, you know."

"Of course, if you'd like to have her," slowly and doubtfully, "why, put her name down. But you evidently haven't seen that." Mrs. Dan pointed to a copy of the Trumpet which lay on the table.

When he had handed her the paper she said, "The Censor is growing facetious at your expense."

"I am getting on in society with a vengeance if that ass starts in to write about me. Listen to this"—she had pointed out to him the obnoxious paragraph—"'If Brewster Drew a diamond flush, do you suppose he'd catch the queen? And if he caught her, how long do you think she'd remain Drew? Or, if she Drew Brewster, would she be willing to learn such a game as Monte?'"

The next morning a writer who signed himself "The Censor" got a thrashing and one Montgomery Brewster had his name in the papers surrounded by fulsome words of praise.

CHAPTER VIII.
The Forelock of Time.

ONE morning not long after the incidents just related Brewster lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, deep in thought. There was a worried pucker on his forehead, half-hidden by the rumpled hair, and his eyes were wide and sleepless. He had dined at the Drews' the evening before, and had had an awakening. As he thought of the matter he could recall no special occurrence that he could really use as evidence. Colonel and Mrs. Drew had been as kind as ever, and Barbara could not have been more charming. But something had gone wrong and he had endured a wretched evening.

"That little English Johnnie was to blame," he argued. "Of course, Barbara had a right to put any one she liked next to her, but why she should have chosen that silly ass is more than I know. By Jove, if I had been on the other side I'll warrant His Grace would have been lost in the dust."

His brain was whirling, and for the first time he was beginning to feel the unpleasant pangs of jealousy. The Duke of Beauchamp he especially disliked, although the poor man had hardly spoken during the dinner. But Monty could not be reconciled. He knew, of course, that Barbara had suitors by the dozen, but it had never occurred to him that they were even seriously considered.

Notwithstanding the fact that his encounter with "The Censor" had brought her into undesirable notice, she forgave him everything after a moment's consideration. The first few wrenches of resentment were overbalanced by her American appreciation of chivalry, however inspired. "The Censor" had gone for years unpunished; his coarse wit being aimed at every one who had come into social prominence. So pungent and vindictive was his pen that other men feared him, and there were many who lived in glass houses in terror of a fusillade. Brewster's prompt and sufficient action had checked the pernicious attacks, and he became a hero among men and women. After that night there was no point to "The Censor's" pen.

Monty's first qualms of apprehension were swept away when Col. Drew himself hailed him the morning after the encounter and in no unmeasured terms congratulated him upon his achievement, assuring him that Barbara and Mrs. Drew approved, although they might lecture him as a matter of form.

But on this morning, as he lay in his bed, Monty was thinking deeply and painfully. He was confronted by a most embarrassing condition, and he was discussing it soberly with himself. "I've never told her," he said to himself, "but if she doesn't know my feeling she is not as clever as I think. Besides, I haven't time to make love to her now. If it were any other girl I suppose I'd have to, but Babe, why, she must understand. And yet—damn that Duke!"

In order to woo her properly he would be compelled to neglect financial duties that needed every particle of brain-energy at his command. He found himself opposed at the outset by a startling embarrassment, made absolutely clear by the computations of the night before. The last four days of indifference to finance on one side and pampering the heart on the other had proved very costly. To use his own expression, he had been "set back" almost $8,000. An average like that would be ruinous.

"Why, think of it," he continued. "For each day sacrificed to Barbara I must deduct something like $2,500. A long campaign would put me irretrievably in the hole; I'd get so far behind that a holocaust couldn't put me even. She can't expect that of me, yet girls are such idiots about devotion, and of course she doesn't know what a heavy task I'm facing. And there are the others—what will they do while I am out of the running? I cannot go to her and say, 'Please, may I have a year's vacation? I'll come back next September.' On the other hand, I shall surely neglect my business if she expects me to compete. What pleasure shall I get out of the seven millions if I lose her? I can't afford to take chances. That Duke won't have seven millions next September, it's true; but he'll have a prodigious argument against me, about the twenty-first or second."

Then a brilliant thought occurred to him which caused him to ring for a messenger boy with such a show of impatience that Rawles stood aghast. The telegram which Monty wrote was as follows:

Swearengen Jones, Butte, Mont.:

May I marry and turn all property over to wife, providing she will have me?
MONTGOMERY BREWSTER.

"Why isn't that reasonable?" he asked himself after the boy had gone. "Making property over to one's wife is neither a loan nor is it charity. Old Jones might call it needless extravagance, since he's a bachelor, but it's generally done because it's good business." Monty was hopeful.

Following his habit in trouble, he sought Margaret Gray, to whom he could always appeal for advice and consolation. She was to come to his next dinner party, and it was easy to lead up to the subject in hand by mentioning the other guests.

"And Barbara Drew," he concluded, after naming all the others. They were alone in the library, and she was drinking in the details of the dinner as he related them.

"Wasn't she at your first dinner?" she asked, quickly.

He successfully affected mild embarrassment.

"Yes."

"She must be very attractive." There was no venom in Peggy's heart.

"She is attractive. In fact, she's one of the best, Peggy," he said, paving the way.

"It's too bad she seems to care for that little Duke."

"He's a bounder," he argued.

"Well, don't take it to heart. You don't have to marry him," and Peggy laughed.

"But I do take it to heart, Peggy," said Monty, seriously. "I'm pretty hard hit, and I want your help. A sister's advice is always the best in a matter of this sort."

She looked into his eyes dully for an instant, not realizing the full importance of his confession.

"You, Monty?" she said, incredulously.

"I've got it bad, Peggy," he replied, staring hard at the floor. She could not understand the gold, gray tone that suddenly enveloped the room. The strange sense of loneliness that came over her was inexplicable. The little something that rose in her throat would not be dislodged, nor could she throw off the weight that seemed pressing down upon her. He saw the odd look in her eyes and the drawn, uncertain smile on her lips, but he attributed them to wonder and incredulity.

Somehow, after all these years, he was transformed before her very eyes; she was looking upon a new personality. He was no longer Montgomery, the brother, but she could not explain how and when the change crept over her. What did it all mean?

"I am very glad if it will make you happy, Monty," she said slowly, the gray in her lips giving way to red once more. "Does she know?"

"I haven't told her in so many words, Peggy, but—but, I'm going to this evening," he announced, lamely.

"This evening?"

"I can wait." Monty said, as he rose to go. "I'm glad you're pleased, Peggy; I need your good wishes." And Peggy," he continued, with a touch of boyish wistfulness, "do you think there's a chance for a fellow? I've had the very deuce of a time over that Englishman."

It was not quite easy for her to say, "Monty, you are the best in the world. Go in and win."

From the window she watched him swing off down the street, wondering if he would turn to wave his hand to her, his custom for years. But the broad back was straight and uncompromising. His long strides carried him swiftly out of sight, but it was many minutes before she turned her eyes, which were smarting, a little from the point where he was lost in the crowd. The room looked ashen to her as she brought her mind back to it, and somehow things had grown difficult.

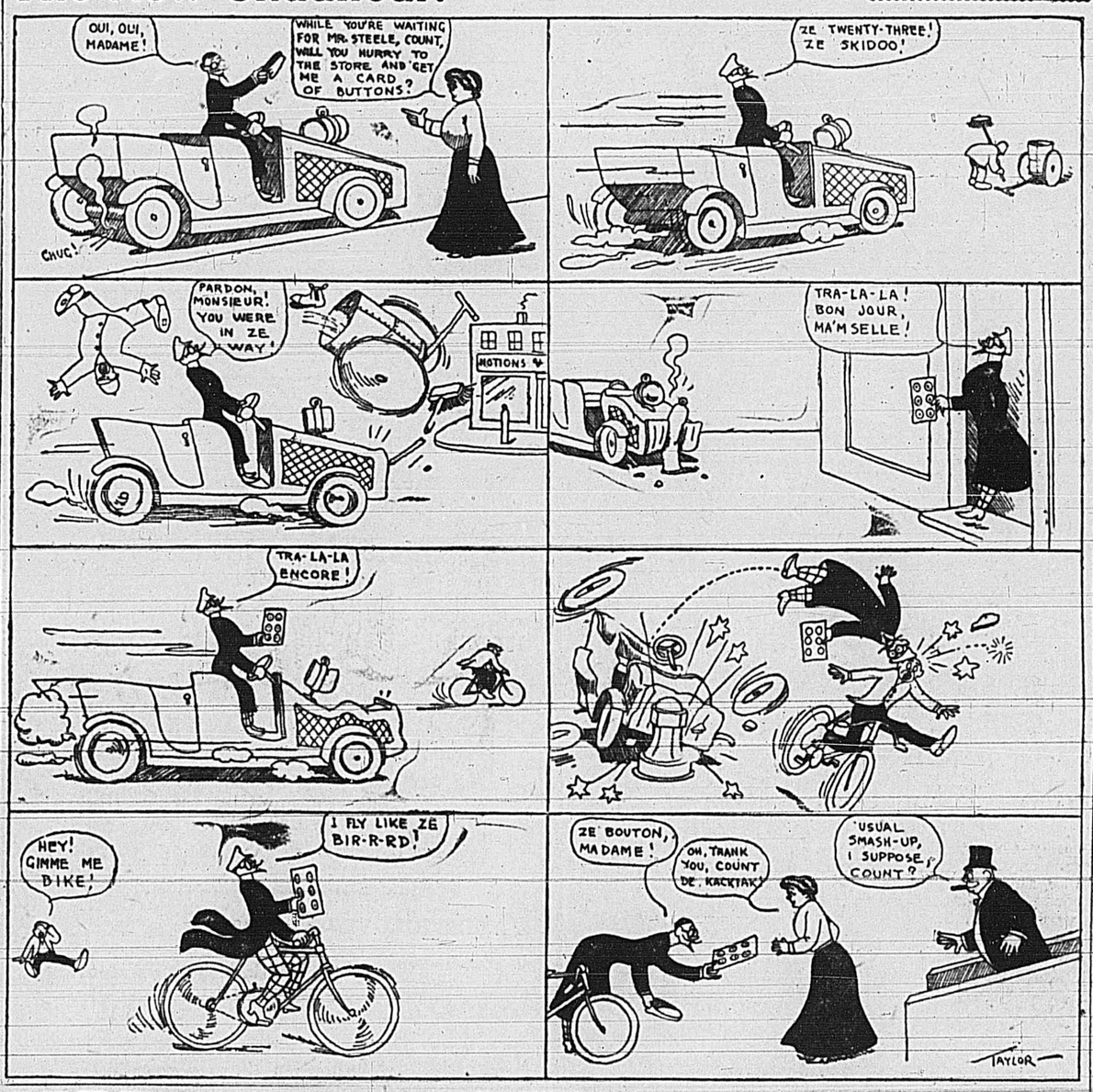
When Montgomery reached home he found this telegram from Mr. Jones:

Montgomery Brewster, New York City:
Stick to your knitting, you fool.
S. JONES.

(To Be Continued.)

The New Chauffeur.

By R. W. Taylor



THE NEW PLAYS

"The Spoilers," Rough-and-Tumble Melodrama of Alaska.

EVERYBODY was spoiling for a fight in "The Spoilers" at the New York Theatre last night. There was a catch-as-catch-can struggle between the untutored hero and the cultivated villain, a love-bout between the light-weight heroine and the middle-weight champion of the centre of the stage, and a set-to between the assistant villain and the shifty heroine, in which she "put him out" and then smashed her way to liberty through the window of a road-house in a simple, easy manner that entitled her to the gate receipts and "those papers."

The programme said "The Spoilers" was "dramatized from the famous novel by Rex Beach and James MacArthur." One of these days we may get something from an infamous novel. But for the present we must be content with the "famous" brand. This time Mr. Daniel Frohman gave it the sanction of his name, while Messrs. Beach and MacArthur gave it fits. According to the talkative programme, Mr. Beach took his life in his hands when he plumped "The Spoilers" on the stage. It seems there were wicked persons in Alaska who stole mines and who were opposed to having their business advertised. They did it strictly according to law, it appears, and were therefore a bit sensitive. Mr. Beach defied death and then Broadway. To prove that he bears a charmed life he came before the curtain and made a "speech" that was reminiscent of George Ade and that was better supplied with humor than his play.

The play went in for excitement, and incidentally went Western melodrama several better. After a picture of "The land of purple distances," during which the stage-manager seemed in a great hurry to get a little light on the subject, the play set sail for the goldfields on the good ship Santa Maria. The last passengers to get aboard were Roy Glenister, a young mine owner; Joe Dextry, his white-haired partner, and Helen Chester, whom they had brought with them after a hard fight with sailors on shore. Helen had broken quarantine and brought the possibility of small-pox with her, but Roy consoled the excited captain of the Santa Maria by assuring him that she couldn't possibly break out before his ship reached port.

Helen was quite well, thank you; but Roy at once developed alarming symptoms of the primitive man. Because he had saved Helen from the pursuing sailors he claimed her as his own, and immediately turned down Cherry Malotte, a dance hall "fairy" who was devoted to him in her simple Nome way. In discussing Helen he said to Dextry: "To the victor belongs"——

"Yes," interrupted Old Joe, the Joker, "to the Victor belongs his master's voice—and they've got it copyrighted."

Strange as it may seem, the ship didn't sink, but kept right on to the end of the act, when Roy caught Helen in his arms and announced, "Girl, I'm going to love you!"

"You savage!" cried Helen, almost pushing him over the footlights.

Any one but Roy could see that Helen was a very nice girl. She wasn't going to Nome to add to the gayety of the dance halls. She was going to place Alaska on a legal basis, she believed, and she was carrying "those papers" to her uncle, Judge Stillman.

It developed that the judge didn't stand for the true letter of the law. Instead he stood for Alexander McNamara, who was planning to rob Roy and Dextry of the Midas mine. Roy and McNamara took off their coats to fight the matter to a finish in the villain's office, but Helen came in and caused the match to end in a draw.

Roy had McNamara and the Judge cornered in a dance hall when Helen again appeared and asked him to let them escape if he loved her. In the owner of the place, who had just robbed Roy of his "roll" in a crooked game of faro, Helen recognized her long-lost brother, and their loving embrace wound up the Christmas Eve festivities.

Then, with a promise to give her back "those papers," the assistant villain lured Helen to a roadhouse and locked all the doors. He was more primitive than Roy had been on shipboard. Helen, like the nice girl she was, repulsed him and then snatched up "those papers." He laughed derisively until she gave him an uppercut that laid him out on a sofa. Then she knocked over a table and a lamp, smashed a window and scampered out into the cold, starlit night.

In the last act Roy won out at the last moment by the arrival of an honest attorney with documents from the Court of Appeals that put the Judge out of business and McNamara under martial law. When Cherry, the dance hall girl, had repented in the snow, Helen told Roy she wasn't going away from there unless he wanted her to, and this time he took her in his arms without a breakaway.

It was good rough-and-tumble melodrama, and the audience seemed to like the excitement. The play was disjointed, but it managed to pull itself together in fairly good shape.

Mr. Ralph Stuart played Roy with true melodramatic fervor; Mr. George Osbourne made Dextry an interesting character; Mr. George K. Henery was amusing as a long, lanky miner, and Mr. Campbell Gallan played the villain with excellent discretion. Miss Evelyn Vaughan bore up bravely and rather sweetly as Helen, and Miss Harriet Worthington as Cherry was in on the curtain calls like a cherry in a cocktail.

CHARLES DARNTON.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

A MAN'S "INTENTIONS."

NOT a few of the letters from young women which I receive contain this sentence: "My parents insist that I ask the young man his intentions."

My dear girls, never, no matter how much you are urged, commit this outrageous breach of decency and propriety. Directly asking a man to marry you is not half so disillusioning to him and humiliating to you as the demand to know his "intentions." By asking the question you admit that you are merely waiting for him to make up his mind and put yourself in the position of a salable object on a counter which a possible purchaser has stopped to look at but may pass on without acquiring.

Never encourage a man unduly because you think him too shy to speak his mind. No man is. And by making matrimonial advances to him you merely lower yourself in his eyes.

Be sweet and gracious to the man you love, but remember that boldness in a women defeats its purpose and wait to learn a man's intentions till he declares them voluntarily.

Shall He "Shake" Her?

Dear Betty:

I AM employed in an office where there is a young lady for whom I care a great deal. She has often told me that she loves me, but I think she flirts with other young men in the building. I made an appointment with her to go to the theatre, but when I called at her house her mother told me she had gone out with another fellow. When she came into the office in the morning I asked her why she did not meet me, and she told me that she forgot all about the date. Do you think she loves me or do you think I had better shake her? W. M.

She certainly does not love you. You had better transfer your affections where they will be more appreciated.

An Inconstant Suitor.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young lady twenty-six. When I was about fourteen I met a young man of my age. We were very fond of each other and went together for six years. He then grew cold and stopped coming, saying he was too young to marry, and that folks were talking about us going together so long. I felt very badly about it. A year later he got married and two years later his wife died. He now has one child, and lately he has been trying to renew friendship with me. I would like your advice, as I think he treated me too badly and broke my heart when I was younger. He claims that he loves me, but I do not feel I could depend on his love. F. E. L.

He treated you very badly. But a man of twenty-six is apt to be less fickle than a boy. If you love him sufficiently overlook the past. Consider your own feelings, not his.

To Regain Her Love.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man in my nineteenth year and have been keeping company with a young lady of the same age for some time past. About a month ago I joined a military organization which was forming in the church of which I am now a member. Up to that time she professed she loved me dearly, and I held her deep in my affection, but she now seems to grow colder toward me every time I call to see her. I am heartbroken over this. How can I regain her affection? COLLIER.

I don't see what you can do except leave her altogether alone. If that process does not revive her interest your case is hopeless, for you may be sure she loves another.

A Few More Lemons at a Cent Apiece.

By F. G. Long

May Manton's Daily Fashions

Eton Jacket—Pattern No. 5610.

EVERY variation of the Eton jacket is to be worn during the spring and many attractive novelties are being shown. Here is one that gives the new broad-shoulder line and that includes a little vest that is chic and fascinating in the extreme. In the illustration it is made of old blue Panama cloth with trimming of black braid and vest of Persian silk, but every seasonable material is appropriate, and the vest can be of any contrasting one that may be liked. A novelty introduced in the late winter was the use of cretonne for these accessories and some of the effects so obtained are really admirable, while there are a host of silks that can be utilized, or trimming only can be made to give the effect.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 7-8 yards 21, 2 3-8 yards 27 or 1 7-8 yards 44 inches wide, with 5-8 yards any width for the vest and 5 yards of wide, 10 yards of soutache braid for trimming, 2 1-8 yards 21 or 1 1-2 yards 36 inches wide for lining.

Pattern No. 5610 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.